Crystal Wrists

Peter Murphy

I can't see the light, I'm thrown in disgust
They speak of feats, the housed forever
A howling wind changed my course
It blew me out of bounds so sore
All the walls, all the walls that bound me
Descending bleak and put uponI chew my cheeks to wake up from
The vase grows bigger
To my eyes, these eyes that snigger
And despise the wall grows taller up to doomShoes in my room thrown in disgust
At how I fall to my worst
Of course you say you don't understand
Your words, your fiction
Your crooked handsBut clearly now I tell you man
That all I say is all I can
For I am nothing but my sin
Until I learn to caste them inWhile young girls fangs and crystal wrists
Wait patiently for me to twist
I look away to distant rains, to water falls
And honey days and boys in black and blue rinse eyes
Gaze whistly at my slender thighsI twist a shade to my right
And spit at beelzebub on sight
And go on loving all I see
For here I live on patientlyClearly now I tell you man
That all I say is all I can
For I am nothing but my sin
Until I learn to caste them in

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